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Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Explicit Sexual Content, F/M, First Time, Loss of Virginity, Neck Kissing, Outdoor Sex, Public Nudity, Sexual Tension, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, set sometime post season one

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-08-23

Updated: 2016-08-26

Packaged: 2022-03-31 22:53:31

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,296

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

"Have you ever-" she started breathlessly, pulling back from a frantic, messy kiss because she figured at this point one of them should.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Disclaimer: I don't own Netflix's "Stranger Things." Everything belongs to whoever owns them, my wishful thinking aside.

Authors Note #1: I just wanted to write porn, okay? I was procrastinating packing.

Disclaimer: adult language, sexual content, first time, outdoor sex, set sometime post season one, vaginal fingering, sex, loss of male virginity (is that even a tag? Idk).

"Have you ever-" she started breathlessly, pulling back from a frantic, messy kiss because she figured at this point one of them should. Already pretty sure she knew the answer before his hands stilled around the small of her back. Feeling the midnight chill where her sweater had rucked up as the blanket underneath them crunched sharp with last year's leaves. The air around them crisp with the threat of an early frost if they stayed outside much longer.

It wasn't until she started counting down from thirty in her head that he finally shook his head. Glancing up at her in the dark before his eyes skittered away again. Hands clenching and unclenching into nervous paws around her hips for a long moment like he'd forgotten how the words worked. Clearing his throat with an endearing scratch before looking up at her through the mess of his fringe.

"No, not- there wasn't nobody I wanted to with. At least not until-"

She cut him off with her lips. Unable to stand the awkward sweetness of what he was trying to say any longer. Not when there were so many things they could be doing to make the moment theirs. It was a sentiment she only highlighted when sharp of her teeth caught on the pout of his lower lip. Tugging hard enough to pull a strangled sound from the depths of his throat that seemed to surprise both of them, rather than just her.

Steve hadn't been like this.

Shaky.

Wanting.

New.

Jonathan was hungry. Almost desperate for it in a way Steve had never been. A bit little animal, a little bit quiet and wild, but still so very careful. Reverent, even. Like part of him still didn't believe this was real. Despite another part - a darker part - insisting that they'd started something that couldn't possibly be left unfinished. Even if they wanted to. What they had now was more than either of them had counted on. Leaving them with the unsteady reality that it might *never* be enough. And that if they had to call it here, if something came staggering out of the woods like the monster from the upside down, part of her would instinctively pull him closer. Keeping him grounded in her in a way nothing - not even death - could take back.

His lips were a mess of dry-scratch and the barest rasp of stubble-burn as she tipped her head back and let him have her throat. Feeling the heat of him burning underneath her as his hips rocked thoughtlessly against hers. Baring down on the bulge of his cock as he hissed a breath between his teeth.

"Nancy...*Christ.*"

She wasn't sure how, but somehow he still managed to shuffle awkwardly stuck underneath her. Straddled across the top of his thighs and skimming delicious friction as she reached down and shifted. Tossing her panties and tights behind her before settling back on him in just her skirt and nothing underneath. Suppressing a giggle when he almost *squirmed*. Not knowing what to do with himself when her hands - shaky and overeager - fumbled with the button of his trousers.

His mouth went slack when she pulled him out, cupping him tentatively. Trying to lead in a situation where she had barely any experience as he made an abortive move. Like he was going to grab her hand or himself or maybe hide everything from view before she

shushed him. Squeezing him gently – until she could feel his pulse through his cock like a heartbeat – and he was half-collapsed across the blanket underneath her. She didn't really have a lot for comparison, but she liked what she saw. He was cut, like Steve, but longer with a flared crown that leaned towards a natural left.

"I've got you," she murmured, something in her squeezing painfully when the muscles under his skin twitched and jumped like a frightened horse. Like he was holding himself back, even now as she stroked him gently. Palming his cock in her hand as she eventually settled on what she did best. *Learning. Figuring things out.* She set about figuring him out in real time. Adjusting the stroke, the pressure, speed, every little bit of exploration she was openly taking liberties with to fit what he responded to the most.

It was something she'd never gotten to do with Steve. He'd taught her what he liked right from the start. Directing her hands. Telling her when to speed up and when to slow down. The first few times, being all nervous and flustered, she'd been grateful. But now that she had this, Jonathan pinned up and cracked open underneath her, she realized how much she'd been missing by not letting herself have the time to really enjoy it.

Meanwhile, Jonathan watched her through the dark-lash slits. Body language greedy and breathing hard. Keeping with the theme of being static opposites - even now – when his lip caught between his teeth as she petted the soft curl of her knuckle down his sack. Not pulling away or questioning her like Steve had when she let it dip further. Stroking the velvet crinkle of skin that separated the underside and the rest of him as he choked on a sound. Hips hiking up like she gone and spiked him with an electrical current before slumping back against the ratty old blanket. Looking up at her in that way he had, only this time a hundred times more meaningful.

It didn't seem to matter what she did, Jonathan seemed determined to like it all.

The thrill was undeniable.

2. Chapter 2

It was too cold to take off her sweater, but they were able to compromise when she reached behind her and unhooked her bra. Letting it drape over her belly for an awkward half-second before twisting herself *just so* and pulling out it from underneath.

Jonathan just blinked. Eyes following the ivory-cream lace as it whizzed by before looking back up at her, momentarily uncomprehending. Like he'd been given an unexpected gift but had absolutely no idea where to start.

She ended up having to take his hands in hers and inch them under the hem of her sweater. Nodding encouragingly when he finally caught on to the idea and mapped out the undersides of her breasts with his hands. Fingers curling curiously. Cupping her like he was feeling the weight before skittering off to trace the delicate-thin of her ribs. And as much as she smiled teasingly when he swallowed hard and brushed the camera-callouses of his thumbs over the pert of her nipples, she decided that same hesitation was part of what she liked about him.

"Nancy...*shit*. You're so-"

He had large, wide-palmed hands. Hands he was going to grow into someday. And somehow that only made it better. Thinking about that. About what they'd be if they lasted. It was premature in a dozen different ways but she couldn't help it. Somehow, she just knew. Deep down in the very marrow her, she knew.

He was still watching her with those intense eyes of his when he brought her in. One hand firming across the small of her back as the other yanked up the red of her sweater. But she only had a second to shiver. Hand tightening reflexively around his cock enough for him to grunt before he covered her skin with his. Dragging the rasp of stubble across her pale skin as she arched in place. Letting go of a smothered little wail that made tracks around them as far as echoes were concerned as he peppered off-centre kisses across her breasts. Plucking boldly at one of her nipples before tracing his tongue around it. Playful and pointed as they hardened under the attention.

Her eyes closed, fluttering shut without her really being aware of it. Realizing second-hand and quaking that somewhere along the line they'd started moving together. Pressing her center against the bunch of his jeans again and again. Chasing the friction, just like he was, as the movement jerked his cock back and forth in her hand. Giving him just enough to make him desperate for what came next as he let go of an unsteady groan.

It wasn't nearly enough, but hell if either of them were going to let that stop them.

This time when his hands found their way down to the crux of her center and the neat patch of hair that crowned it, she didn't have to do the introductions. He was already there, petting the blue-veined porcelain of her inner thighs. Not confident, but more sure of his welcome this time as she made small sounds in encouragement. Spreading her thighs as the firm of his cock wept pre-cum in slight, leaking strokes against the curl of her right hip.

Still, she was almost certain that when he traced the ghost of his finger down the seam, neither of them were actually breathing. Stuck in the electricity of it when his finger came away wet and pungent with her.

Oh-

His eyes slanted back, checking her reaction, or maybe just taking a liking to the expression on her face. Blissed out and hungry as he made a low, surprised sound in the back of his throat. Taking a long moment to roll the thick of her between his thumb and forefinger before bringing it to his lips. Licking into her taste as the hammering of her pulse grew deafening in her ears.

"Jonathan..."

It came out so breathy and wrecked that she nearly laughed. Garbling a louder sound as his hand drifted back down – eyes dark and glinting – and stroked the outside of her sex. Her hips *rolled*. She couldn't help it. It was torture. It was energy sparking just where she needed it, but nowhere near enough. She needed-

She piped a shattered, needy cry when the same finger slowly pushed inside. Knowing he was right there with her as he breathed in hard gusts against the soft of her breast. Crimping the flesh with goose-pimples as the cool air mixed with the heat of their bodies and flared outwards.

She tried to think of a comparison when the first finger was followed by another and suddenly curled. Feeling his cock jump where it was pinned between them, brushing across her center like a reminder as she set her teeth into his shoulder. Half gone on it before his fingers even grazed her clit.

"Yes, there- *please*- right there...just-

He followed every direction beautifully. Seeming to know what she needed before she could put it into words as he thumbed the swollen nub of her clit the same time he continued to move his fingers inside her. Devoting every inch of the moment to her and her alone in a way that made her ache and seize like the sensations were the same animal.

She needed-

He hiccupped in surprised when she sat up, pulling away from his fingers with a slick sound as she straddled his hips. She swallowed the sound he made with her lips when she lifted his cock up to meet her. Cradling him against her sex as he fell back on his elbows, panting. Watching her with dilated eyes as she held him there. Feeling how ready she was as his crown gleamed wet with her juices.

"Jesus... Nancy- are you..."

She made a low sound of encouragement when he gripped her thighs and hissed between his teeth. Unable to help herself from teasing as she rubbed against the head of his cock. The muscles in her thighs keeping her steady as she trapped him there, caught between the slick of her lower lips like an R-rated kiss.

His head slammed back into the thin of the blanket, shuddering and almost whimpering as his hips tried to jerk up to meet her. Needing her – *wanting her* – in a way Steven never had as she looked down at

him with something near reverence. *This* was what she'd been missing. What she'd known, deep down, this was supposed to be like.

"Jonathan...look at me."

She bit her lip, pressing a kiss into each fluttering lid. Waiting until his eyes slanted open again before she lowered herself down inch by inch. Taking him in as she sank down on his cock in one long, slow glide.

"*Fuck*," he hissed, as she settled with her calves lying flat against the blanket. Wrecked and stripped bare in way she'd never heard from him before. So gone on the feel of him inside her that she couldn't have moved even if she wanted to.

And somehow it was better like this.

Maybe it was because it meant more.

Because she was right there with him.

Feeling the aching pressure of him inside her.

Something that was still a novelty.

Still just a little bit too much.

Breathing through it as a gentle wind wisped the sweaty band of his hair off his face. A steady, natural counterpoint to the scrunch of his expression. Eyes drifting closed again when she tightened around him experimentally. She lifted herself up slowly, trembling. Fighting gravity and ultimately, *him*- as his hands remained clenched around her hips for a furious half-second. Keeping her there like he could barely stand the pressure before sheepish understanding leached through.

He watched her as she moved. Riding him as she cut half-moons into his skin with her nails. Unable to stop the sounds rising from her throat. Hungry moans and wordless strings of nothing Jonathan seemed determined to keep hearing as he met her stroke for stroke. Losing what was left of that early, eager nervousness as he cupped her breasts in his hands. Pinching lightly at her nipples before letting

them drop again. Watching her in the dark as the wind rustled through the long grass, churned and crushed into sweetness underneath them. Mingling with the earthy tang of sweat, gasoline fumes and the unmistakable musk of sex.

There was a heat inside her. More than just him. More than just her. More than even them together. It was something else, something bigger and more and it was *right there*- Slotting into place inside her as he arched up and sucked her lower lip between his teeth. Kissing messy and desperate as the world condensed to the point where she realized she'd almost stopped moving. Arms wrapped so tightly around his neck that he was the only thing holding her up anymore. Coltish-flanks shaky and wanting underneath her as his hips moved in small, desperate little rolls. Needing more than the burn in her legs could give him as they skated through the middle ground together. Knowing it was just a matter of time before-

"Please..." he groaned, lost in the curls of her hair as he fisted his hand in the rest and forced her throat bare. Canines grazing down like he wanted to bite and tear, but settled on sucking an angry bruise there for all the world to see. "Oh Christ, Nancy...*please*- I need to-"

It was interesting because without knowing what he meant, she somehow knew *exactly* what he was asking for. Because she felt it too. That desperate tug below her navel. The straining reach. Trying so stagger up the final peak of that hill they'd been climbing together. Knowing deep down that he probably didn't even know what he was begging for. But trusting that she could give it to him all the same.

And she could.

She'd been here before.

Where he was, right here and right now.

She knew the magic behind the right words.

The right glance.

The right-

"It's okay," she breathed, whispering in his ear before leaning back so she could see his face. Arms wrapped tight around his neck as she shivered through the line of open-mouthed kisses he'd started trailed down her collarbone. Giving him permission for something he didn't know how to ask for as he throbbed inside her. "It's okay. Jonathan...*show me.*"

It was like she'd let him off a leash.

Because the moment the words aired out, that reverent, too-careful approach just up and *shattered*. Morphing into nails that dug deep, stinging into her hips as he bucked up. Bouncing her on top of him for a long, stuttered moment before they were suddenly moving. Not really appreciating how strong he actually was until the moment he flipped them. Pressing her into the blanket as he ground against her. Groaning with her at the change in angle as his hips pressed tight against hers like a seal. Like he never wanted to be anywhere else for the rest of his life.

It felt like everything he kept back.

Everything he felt but never let himself express.

Everything he was all at once and-

His forehead dipped down to press against hers. Lost with it. Keeping her safe underneath the lean weight of him as his free hand came around her waist. Gentle in a feral, thoughtless way as she wrapped her legs around him and flushed them even closer. The fire in her belly mounting higher and higher until-

She warbled out a pitching note when his hand snuck between them and pressed down on her clit. Flying right off the edge so unexpectedly she didn't even hear the tortured hiss of her name leaving his teeth as every muscle she didn't know she had clamped down and milked him dry. Sending him careening down with her as his hips stuttered – once, twice -before grinding deep. Burying his head into the messy tangle of her hair as their pleasure peaked together.

The next thing she was really aware of was the warm weight of him

half collapsed on top of her. Heart thundering in her ears, through his chest and back into her as he twitched – sated and soft - inside her. They stayed like that for a long time, until his weight became too much and she prodded him to the side. Smiling softly when he just grunted. Limbs tangled and splayed every which way across the edge of the blanket as they looked up at the cloud-hazed stars without speaking.

She watched him out of the corner of her eye. The way the lean of his chest was still heaving. One arm thrown over his face like even now he had to bottle it up somehow. Expression stunned and maybe a bit overwhelmed as the soft curl of his cock leaked milky-white across the naked crease of his thigh. Skin speckled with moles and blue-veined paleness that seemed to glow in the encroaching dark.

He looked almost...*godly*.

It was a blasphemy, she knew.

But she couldn't help it.

He looked like what she imagined the old gods might have.

The ones that existed here long before the land knew anything else.

Natural, feral and strong under the thinness of human flesh and sun-bronzed skin.

But then the moment broke and he was just a boy again. Young and unpractised. Familiar and right and just as hers as he always been. Spread out next to her. Deflated and tired and she couldn't help but peel out a laugh. Startling them both as the sound stretched and the echoes deepened the sound. Bringing an entirely different light into the dark – maybe even all the way to Eleven in the upside down – before he pressed a smile into her skin like a reply and brought her in close as the night gradually turned cold once again.

That was the beauty of beginnings, she supposed.

They sounded far sweeter than the dull, aching pang of endings and goodbyes.

And this beginning was one she was going to *savor*.

No matter how long it'd taken them to get here.

Author's Note:

Reference:

- Lar: local god of a house.